THE MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

SAmp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carrie Coles.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.
Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.
Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.